

Love-Shaped Clothes

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Love-Shaped Clothes

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Summary

Maybe the warmest part of George was whatever it was that drew him to the softest clothes. Whatever it was that compelled him to live in nothing but hoodies, whatever made him prefer the ones that were just a little too big on him. A want to drown in soft fabric, a want to wear sleeves long enough to cover gentle hands, a want for a hood large enough to consume if he ever bothered to use it.

As if—in some strange, paradoxical truth—the sun needed to be warmed.

George looked way too cute in that hoodie, Dream can't take it.

Notes

[this tweet](#) is very important to me

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream looked at George like he had hung the stars. It was a little unfortunate that no one else

could see that look on his face.

But he *had*. George was everything wrapped up into a perfect little parcel, dolled up in a package of *pretty privilege*. And though he had been the one to place the stars so delicately and intentionally into the sky—Dream would say he'd seen him do it—he still managed to be the very incarnation of the sun.

A glow of golden rays, the shine of something ethereal. Dream had never thought he'd see the day where he'd be blinded by someone's radiance, but then George came around and shined brighter than the sky. He was playful giggles, a too-wide smile, the gleam of ivory teeth behind pretty pink lips. He was a wrap of warming comfort, though Dream had never touched him for real. (Only in his dreams, *ironic*).

Maybe the warmest part of George was whatever it was that drew him to the softest clothes. Whatever it was that compelled him to live in nothing but hoodies, whatever made him prefer the ones that were just a little too big on him. A want to drown in soft fabric, a want to wear sleeves long enough to cover gentle hands, a want for a hood large enough to consume if he ever bothered to use it.

As if—in some strange, paradoxical truth—the sun needed to be warmed.

Perhaps Dream was a little biased, but he'd never felt more content than the time George bought that too-big merch hoodie and stood up on his bed to show it off. Let Dream see just how comically large that hoodie was on him, the way it spilled over his legs and covered his hands entirely. And his bias didn't come only from a love for all the golden parts of George, but it came from the stark white smile that was spread across his chest.

Dream's smile. Dream's hoodie. Dream's George.

He wanted to hold him when he was dressed all cute like that, wanted to wrap him up in the soft black fabric and make him feel loved. Dream knew it had long passed the line of platonic, knew that staring at pictures of your self-proclaimed best friend for far too long was a little strange and obsessive. Knew that calling them the *most adorable photos* may border on an uncharted territory, but Dream was nothing if not enamored. Nothing if not known for being wrapped around George's pretty little finger.

But Dream hadn't even been the one to make it his hoodie. Hadn't been the source of the playful nickname—*Dream's hoodie*. The one that was too big and worn often, *Dream's*. That was all George; his own little nickname for the sweatshirt, his own little piece of the friend he'd never met. Sprayed with a cologne that wasn't his or anyone else's, a scent that would feel unfamiliar to his nose at first only for the association to become strictly *Dream*.

Dream hoped he wasn't too obvious when he asked George what brand of cologne it was. Hoped it wasn't too weird when he bought the same kind and started using it. Even he had the sense in him to call out about crossing a line, but he was too busy drowning in mindless daydreams that spun around a meeting.

Of George sinking his face into Dream's shoulder—too short to reach his neck—of George recognizing the scent as the one he'd put on that sweatshirt and maybe, hopefully finding it more endearing than obsessive. Though Dream had always been a man of emotion-strung words, he still had a love for the non-verbal types of fondness. The recognition, the soft laughter, the hopes that George could feel how desperate he was in reaching out to his computer screen.

Every morning Dream was awake through the sunrise. And every morning he thought about him.

That truth had no plans to change the morning George was scheduled to land in Orlando. If anything, it became louder—a clamorous, but strangely welcome noise in the front of Dream’s mind, in the way the golden light spilled through his windows and onto the floor. In the way he stood in front of the glass and let himself bathe in it, closed his eyes to see if he could picture it as the soft touch of hands, fingers, anything his mind could conjure.

Nearly there. So close he could taste it, feel it on the tip of his tongue like a drop of honey. He savored the natural sugar all through the light of the sunrise, through the orange and pink glow through his drawn curtains. It coated his tongue when he got into his car, slid through the corners of his mouth when he drove himself to the airport.

Sweet, sweet honey—almost enough sugar to make Dream feel sick. It was thick and melting, thick and *coating*, thick and threaded all through his mouth when he pushed past familiar doors and looked for the well-known face. He was far too radiant to ever be missed, far too bright of a glow amongst clouds for Dream’s eyes to ghost over him (even if he was a little too short).

Dream’s gaze fell on the right face. And they meet again for the very first time.

Of course he was wearing the hoodie.

When George fell into Dream’s arms, it felt more known than anything else. Like they’d already embraced a thousand times before, like they’d already done this every day for years—because in some ways, they had. And not just in the play-by-plays of this exact moment that ran through Dream’s head pathetically often, but in the warmth of George’s voice and the way it caught on Dream’s skin.

It sounded unfathomable, even Dream’s mind was clear enough to see that. But maybe, *maybe* they’d hugged a million times before, maybe they’d known the other’s touch all along—because it felt so *familiar*. And Dream would be the first to equate the wrap of George’s arms to the sun, swallowing and golden in the same way his voice was.

And he already smelled like Dream. Like *his*. Like there was something unspoken caught in the air between them, perhaps a pretty red string tied around their pinkies. Maybe if Dream squinted hard enough he’d see it there, drawing them together with the carmine of old legends.

Dream dug his face into the top of George’s head, letting his nose fill with an unfamiliar scent that still managed to scream *George*. He was so warm, so embracing, so all-consuming in the beautiful sense.

“I’m glad you’re here.”

It was muffled in a mess of fluffy brown hair, barely loud enough to reach George’s ears. But he heard it and laughed anyways, a loose sound caught against the fabric of Dream’s hoodie before he found it in him to tip his head back.

Their gazes met through a new kind of haze. Dream’s fondness was no longer hidden behind the lack of a webcam, and the viridian of his eyes gleamed with unspoken truths.

“I’m glad, too.”

His voice swallowed in real life, too. Three words laced so pretty and gold, three words that seemed to make a red string pull tighter. Dream tried not to be too obvious in the way he tightened his hands at George’s sides, gathering familiar black fabric beneath his palms with a too-kind smile.

“Let’s go home.” He chose that word on purpose.

“Yeah,” George spoke like he’d noticed, “let’s do that.”

Maybe spending two weeks with the only man capable of murder without his hands was a recipe for disaster. Dream would, as always, be the first to acknowledge that. And he was all too aware of the fact that George was only ever going to be a few feet away from him, always caught between the same walls and standing on the same floor beneath a shared ceiling. It felt surreal, because it was—Dream had only been waiting for this moment for *years*, he wouldn’t have expected anything less than disbelief.

Dream showed George the room he’d be staying in. He left him alone to get settled in, but he left the door ajar and didn’t go any farther than the kitchen. He listened closely for the rustling sounds of unpacking, caught on the low, quiet sound of humming that faded in and out of earshot.

Dream was melting. (The sun felt warmer in Florida).

“I didn’t expect your house to look like this.” George had a sense of wonder in his dark eyes, and Dream found that he didn’t recognize it.

“Well,” Dream laughed through every syllable, “what did you expect?”

George shrugged with nonchalance, delicate fingers tugging at the cuffs of his sleeves with palpable nerves. “I don’t know.” He settled on crossing his arms. “I think I wanted it to be more green.”

Dream let his laughter swell louder, let it lose any sense of casual politeness until his tone had spun out in teasing. He carded a hand through his hair, swallowed the urge to reach across the kitchen counter and do the same to George.

“Who knows?” Dream cast his glance to the yellow of his walls. “Maybe it is green.”

George stretched across the counter to hit Dream on the shoulder, and it felt right that he could even do that at all. Laughter that hit Dream’s ears without the separation of headphone wires, a hand that hit pathetically through the cloth that was swallowing it.

Dream shoved back, hit George’s wrist until he stumbled back a step with his too-pretty smile plastered across his face. They stood on their opposite ends of the kitchen island for a moment longer, sharing wistful glances between themselves in something that cried out to be known. Maybe it wasn’t loud enough, for Dream was still decoding riddles.

They parted ways in their comfortable silence, left the unspoken words to hang heavy above the counter. Dream disappeared to his room and George fell into his. It felt so perfectly easy, like they’d already done this exact thing a hundred times before, like this wasn’t George’s first time standing next to Dream and the blond had felt the sun before.

They meet again for the very first time.

Maybe Dream had known George in every lifetime. He’d be content to believe that. It was even familiar when George came knocking on his door later that night, when his hands were caught tight around the sleeves of that sweatshirt, when he looked up at Dream with a sheepish expression and asked for help figuring out the shower.

Dream had laughed, but he’d shown him.

“This way for hot water,” Dream twisted his wrist in example, “this way for cold.” He looked at George with a too-wide grin. “And the water runs hot, so don’t overestimate it.”

“Okay,” George nodded, “thank you, Dream.”

Dream stood straight beside his shower, unable to resist the urge to reach out and ruffle George’s hair. He was just at the perfect height for it, and it had been far too neat since he’d gotten here, and he looked cuter when it was all a mess anyways. George still frowned at Dream and his playful laughter, moved his cloth-covered hands up in an attempt to smooth it out.

“Anything for you, Georgie.”

He left to let him shower in peace. Stood a few feet away from the door until he heard the water running, just to make sure he didn’t need any more help. And Dream retreated back to his room, left the door open so he could feel the sun from down the hall and collapsed back onto his bed.

He stared up at the ceiling. Was it spinning, or was it all in his head? He closed his eyes to seek stillness, and he found those pretty bursts of color on the undersides of his eyelids. They came in pulses—mostly white, which isn’t technically a color—side effects of the light that was still on and the leftovers of daybreak spilling through his open window.

The shower was loud enough to be heard from down the hall. Dream smiled to himself, let his head fill with the comfortable kind of static that reminded him of rain. Of the pitter-patter on the outside of a window pane, of the sweet petrichor that came when he opened his front door.

Florida rain was too much of a known for him. And though he’d used his own shower a hundred thousand times (obviously) and he’d even had guests over to do the same—it never sounded quite as close to a perfect storm as it did then. If Dream breathed deep enough, he swore he could hear the thunder. (He’d always liked the thunder, as strange as it sounded. It felt known, just like all the rest of it). Did the sun shine through thunderstorms? This time it did.

When George came out of the shower, Dream was still lying eyes-closed on his bed. When George came to stand in his doorway, he immediately scurried away because he thought he was asleep. But Dream had been listening for the soft sound of his feet on the hardwood all along, listening close enough that he heard his tip-toes in the opposite direction and sat up on his bed.

“George?”

The light stung his eyes when he opened them, and George’s presence back in his doorway only served to blind him harder. He gave a lazy smile in the brunet’s direction, blinked one too many times to make the white fade from the corners of his vision.

“Sorry,” George fiddled with his sleeves, and Dream’s heart fluttered to find he was still wearing the hoodie, “did I wake you up?”

“No.” Dream got up, stretched his arms over his head. “I wasn’t sleeping.”

“Oh.” George looked down at the floor, pulled his hand into his sleeve with a breathy laugh. “Did you want to watch a movie?”

“With you?” There was a startling fondness to his voice. “Of course.”

George ran off in the direction of the living room, and Dream got caught on how wet and messy his hair was. It looked similar to how it did when he’d messed with it in the bathroom, when George had huffed with those pretty eyes that told him all kinds of *don’t do that*. But his hair looked a little darker than the already dark brown, and it was just barely wet enough to send a cascade of forgotten droplets down his face and neck.

Dream was so busy thinking about it that George had already picked a movie by the time he got on the couch. He was far-too deliberate in where he sat, not pushed against the opposing armrest as George seemed to be, but not so close that it bordered on not platonic enough—not that anything the two of them did was overly platonic, but the same thing that still lingered in the kitchen seemed to find it's way to the living room, too.

"Is this movie okay?" George fiddled with the remote between his hands.

"Yeah," Dream had no plans to pay attention to the movie, "looks good."

George smiled and pressed play.

Maybe the reason Dream had sat so far from him was truly because he was too bright for his untrained eyes. The way he shone was so much different than the blue-light behind his computer screen that it felt too different to stomach. Dream had realized that he was staring at the wrong glow in the living room, realized that his eyes had lost their front-facing on the TV screen and had fallen upon George and his messy hair. George in all his gold—perhaps like the lava he saw when he played Minecraft—George and the lone water droplet rolling down the side of his neck. Dream watched it disappear beneath the collar of his hoodie, *Dream's* hoodie, watched it so closely it made George's head spin.

He raised an eyebrow. "Is something wrong?"

"No," Dream shook his head, "you just look good in that hoodie."

George blushed so easy. Turned such a striking shade of pink against his too-pale skin, spun too quickly in an attempt to hide it. Dream wouldn't tease him about how it had been too late, but in truth, he'd already seen that perfect dust of rose across his cheeks and nose.

"Thank you, Dream."

"Don't thank me." *Anything for you.* "I mean it."

He shrank into the too-big collar of the sweatshirt in question, hiding the lower half of his face in the mess of it. And, in something just a little too surprising, *George* was the one to shift his body across the couch and collapse his head onto Dream's shoulder.

"Is this okay?" he mumbled through a mess of hoodie, lips pressed against the fabric on Dream's shoulder.

"Yeah," Dream answered breathlessly, "more than okay."

At some point, Dream had found George's hand beneath the sleeve of his hoodie, tugged it out from inside to play with his fingers. He didn't miss the way George's breath hitched when he touched him, not when he was sitting so close to his ear. Dream spread George's thin fingers, ran his thumb up a vein on the back of his hand, twisted their position so their wrists pressed together.

"Look at how tiny your wrist is," the hum of the movie they weren't watching was nearly loud enough to drown out the whisper, "compared to mine, at least."

George shifted to grab hold of Dream's pinky and ring finger. His fingers were so much paler, so much thinner, somehow a picture-perfect amalgamation of *dainty* and *elegant* that Dream had never seen before. His own fingers twitched beneath the touch, caught on how much smaller that made George's hand look.

He buried his nose in Dream's shoulder. "I know."

Dream laughed quietly, let his head fall sideways to rest on top of George's. His hair smelled of fruit-scented shampoo, strong enough to cover Dream's entire face with *clean*. It made sense, just as everything else did. Just as the tightening of a hand around his fingers did, just as the spill of warmth over the side of his body.

"You smell nice," George whispered.

Dream smiled wider. "So do you."

Whatever movie it was that George had put on was an afterthought. An afterthought to something blurring the thin line between platonic and romantic, a line drawn poorly in the sand. George had kicked it more than a little when he wrapped his fingers around Dream's, though Dream would admit to messing with it when he'd even taken his hand to begin with.

But they sat there. In a comfortable not-quite-silence, let the movie play out to its end with the warmth of the other's touch. Dream really did find it warm and soothing, the way George had pushed his chest against Dream's arm and let his veins course golden with warmth. It was more than obvious how little attention he was paying to the screen, for he'd buried his face in Dream's shoulder at an angle that wouldn't let him see it even if he wanted to.

Dream resisted the urge to twist his head and plant a kiss in George's mess of wet hair. He found that he could still see the blurring line when he looked hard enough, and even if George was the one with his fingers caught on Dream's hand, he still worried about being the one to erase it.

The movie was more of a timer than anything. It was solemn when the credits finally rolled, music that was playing on the too-quiet volume filling their ears. They still sat together for another loving moment, caught up in the other's warmth and a scent that had begun to feel like home.

George was the one who got up first, letting go of Dream's hand with finality as he stretched his tightened muscles. He looked at Dream with a face still tinted pink, grabbed onto the fingers that had once been wrapped around Dream's.

"I'm gonna go to bed," he spoke with finality, "it's late."

"Yeah." Dream nodded. "Me too."

It may have felt right to kiss him right then if he weren't still straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of that line, so Dream let George get up off the couch and wander down the hall. Dream was the one to turn off the TV, to make sure all the lights in the house were off before he retreated to his own unmade bed.

He fell asleep with the knowledge that George was only down the hall, a much more literal call away. If he were to open his mouth and yell the brunet's name loud enough, he'd hear. He'd hear, and maybe he'd come down the hall, too. Maybe he'd let Dream swallow him in his arms the same way he swallowed himself with hoodies, maybe he'd hold his fingers where they rested in front of the smile on his chest.

Dream pretended. Wishful thinking was only good in moderation.

George woke up after Dream. Even through a synced sleep schedule, jet lag still persisted. And Dream promised himself that he wouldn't stand in George's room like a creep, though he did crack

the door open just enough to peek at him in his state of slumber.

He was cute. He always was, why had Dream expected anything different? And he'd left his curtains open just enough the previous night, and they sat in just the right place above the headboard of his bed that he was painted perfectly in golden light. It gleamed off his naturally pink-stained cheeks, made the arch of his cupid's bow look more striking beneath the light.

Maybe Dream had done a little more than stand in the doorway. But his hair was a mess of dark against a bright white pillow, and *he still had that damn hoodie on*. He might as well just kill Dream if he was going to keep doing that to him, especially when the blond knew full well it smelled exactly like he did.

He retreated back to the kitchen with images of a golden-laced boy. He stood at the window above his kitchen sink and gazed outside at something sworn to blind him, tried not to burn his retinas with the directness of his gaze but let it wash him warm all the same. How long had he been standing there? Perhaps a little too long.

When George finally came out of his room—long after Dream had abandoned his kitchen window—he was already dressed. Wearing a sweater Dream would swear he'd never seen before, one beige with a catch of black beneath the collar. He'd tried to bite his tongue when George came walking into the living room, finding Dream spread across the couch scrolling mindlessly on his phone, but life had gotten a lot less mindless the second he saw George.

"Where's that sweater from?" He hadn't bit hard enough.

"This?" George gestured vaguely down at his top, earning a confirming nod from Dream. "Oh. I don't remember, honestly." He shrugged. "I've had it forever."

"I've never seen you wear it."

"I forgot about it." George admitted. "Found it when I was packing, figured if I didn't take it I'd just forget again."

"Looks nice on you."

"You said that yesterday." His voice sounded just as flustered as the pink on his cheeks looked. "About my..." he paused, as if he wasn't sure what to call it, "about my Dream hoodie."

Dream laughed, and the soft sound on his lips seemed to say *I know*. "I still mean it."

George sat down on the couch, urging Dream to shift his legs off the cushions. He sat up properly in an excuse to move closer to George, cast his phone aside on the sofa like a quiet afterthought.

"What," George laughed in that cute, flustered way, like he was trying to fill the space in the room, "are you just gonna tell me I look nice every day?"

Dream shrugged. "Maybe."

"It'll get redundant, Dream."

"Well, you're you every day," Dream insisted. "So of course you look nice."

George turned his head away from Dream, brought his hands up to his face in an attempt to hide. He even tucked his knees up close to his chest, perching his feet on the edge of the couch cushions to give himself a better place to hide his flustered look.

“Don’t say that.”

The tone matched his body language perfectly, all spoken through flowering laughs in a tight lace of gold. Dream shifted closer to him on the couch, hoping his movement would be near-invisible to George’s hidden face.

“I’ll say whatever I want.” He resisted the urge to put a hand on George’s shoulder. “That color suits you, by the way.”

George pulled his head up from its hiding spot just enough to lock eyes with Dream, just enough for him to catch the spread of pink on his cheeks. Sunlight came in through the large windows in his living room, and it shone off George’s eyes in a way that made them look like spilled honey.

“Thanks, Dream.”

Dream decided he couldn’t bear to keep his hands to himself, but he settled for nothing more than a flick against George’s shoulder. When he narrowed his eyes in a playful frustration, Dream laughed quiet and under his breath, dropping his hand back into his lap.

“You should wear it more often.”

George pulled his head up from his knees completely, but his eyes lost their hold in Dream’s gaze and fell quickly to the floor. He looked hesitant, hesitant with the hand that came up to brush hair behind his ear.

“You don’t have any merch in this color.”

“So?”

“Well,” George looked at him finally, “I like wearing your merch.”

You’re so cute. “I’ll give you more.”

“You better.” George scoffed. “I bought that black one myself, you know.”

“I do know.” Dream rolled his eyes, but everything in the motion was fond. “You won’t let me forget.”

“I’m your best friend,” George insisted, “I shouldn’t have to *pay* for your merch.”

“You do it ‘cause you love me.”

“Shut up.”

George tugged out his phone in the new lull in conversation, and Dream only sat and watched him. He liked the way his nose looked when the sun shone off the tip of it, liked his thin fingers clutched around the device. He decided that being in the same room as George would lead to something regrettable, so he got up and wandered off to his bedroom with a mind and body full of precious sunlight.

He’d left his phone on the couch, and he didn’t have the heart to go retrieve it. And though the only reason he’d come to his bedroom was to prevent himself from making a mistake, when he’d opened his closet to finally get dressed for real, he came up with a brand-new, terrible idea.

Firstly, he didn’t get dressed. The t-shirt and sweatpants he was already wearing would serve him completely fine, even if he’d slept in them (he had no plans to leave the house anyways). Secondly,

he took the green smile hoodie off the hanger in his closet, shamelessly brought it up to his face to find that it did, in fact, smell exactly like him.

Like the cologne he'd stolen off of George's merch hoodie, but even still it's scent was different than that one—because it was *Dream*. Not a long-distance replication of Dream, but the real one. Him, Dream, *Clay* maybe. And it really was his hoodie.

With George distracted in the living room, Dream moved as quietly as possible down the hall and into his bedroom. Found the bed unmade and that dumb, stupid, *idiotic* black hoodie that had been the spark of a fire that was this terrible idea cast across the floor. Dream didn't touch anything, only dropped the green hoodie that was decidedly his onto the floor beside it and kicked it halfway beneath George's bed.

And he left it there.

Somehow, this wasn't erasing the blurring line. Somehow, this was significantly better (worse) than just walking into the living room and dropping the sweatshirt on George's head with a playful demand to "*wear it.*"

Because if George didn't find it, then that was okay. If he *did* find it and never wore it, that was okay, too. Maybe he'd just come running back to Dream's room with the green fabric caught in his hands, shrug it off as Dream being messy and leaving it in the wrong room. That was what edged this idea a little farther away from terrible, because it all came down to what *George* wanted. Even if what Dream really wanted was to see George in his hoodie, one that was decidedly his.

And, he'd never seen George in green before.

Whether luckily or unluckily for Dream, George never went back into his bedroom that day. The pair busied themselves with things that didn't matter, like a few too many glances at each other that read *I can't believe you're here* in every language under the sun, like Dream seeing how many windows he could open without it seeming weird.

"I thought you didn't like the sun," George said while Dream was further pushing open the curtains in the living room.

"I don't *not like* the sun," Dream insisted, "I just prefer the moon."

"Yeah, well," George flicked him on the back of the neck, laughing when Dream twitched and recoiled, "the moon is useless without the sun."

Dream turned around so he could catch the mirth in George's eyes beneath golden light. He flicked him back in retaliation, hitting him right between the eyes.

"Well, duh." And he walked away.

George took another shower that night, and Dream totally didn't wish that George would ask him for help with the controls again just for an excuse to be close to him. He'd had to lean over Dream's shoulder to catch the movement of his hand, had to inch so much closer to Dream than he would've without the excuse—though maybe that wasn't true, as he'd been so willing to get close on the couch.

Dream listened to an artificial rain from the living room that night. Scrolled mindlessly on his phone for a moment in hopes he'd tune it out just a little, but his hazy mind got too caught on the

sound of falling water and he had to shut it off. Had to tip his head back against the cushions and let his eyes flutter shut until the water turned off, opened his eyes to not trick George into thinking he was sleeping again and waited for him to leave the bathroom.

He came to the living room door wearing green. Came and sat next to Dream with that smile spread across his chest, in a hoodie that clearly didn't fit him with shoulders darkening from drops of water.

Dream tried not to stare. Tried to answer something coherent when George asked if he wanted to watch another movie, tried not to catch on the drip of forgotten water in addition to the smothering of green.

He insisted George pick the movie, even when he was met with a "*but I picked yesterday.*" Dream was a little more than too distracted to choose much of anything that wasn't named George.

For once, he was thankful for the distance between them. It let him have a better look at the way the fabric framed his body, at the way it fit both the same and completely different than the black one on his bedroom floor. George hadn't said anything about the sweatshirt, hadn't mentioned that he'd bought it or teased Dream for making him pay for it—because he hadn't. Dream hadn't even technically bought it, it was just his. And surely George knew that, surely he'd found it on the floor, kicked halfway beneath his bed and known who it belonged to—but he didn't say anything.

He just wore it. Pretended like it wasn't Dream's, acted like he couldn't feel a viridian gaze whenever he pulled the collar up to his nose for no discernible reason. Like Dream wasn't supposed to know who it belonged to.

Undeniably, he looked like he belonged to Dream. Dressed in his color, his hoodie, hair wet and messed with water from his shower—he was Dream's. And there was almost no thought behind words that spilled past pink lips, almost no thought to the repercussions that would come with anything.

"Are you wearing my hoodie?"

George's head snapped sideways to look at Dream, eyes blown out like he'd been caught. (He had). He still looked unbearably cute, a cloth-covered hand pressed up against his face with hidden fingers curled into a fist. His other hand had frozen in a scroll through too-many movies, thumb paused on the button that let him shift down.

"Maybe," he said quietly. "I found it in my room."

"I know," Dream moved closer to him, "I left it there."

George furrowed his eyebrows. "On purpose?"

"Of course."

"Why?"

"I wanted to see if you'd wear it," Dream admitted. "You're so cute in the other one, I wanted to see what you'd look like in one that's *really* mine."

George turned his head away, brought the sweatshirt-covered hand back up to cover his pink cheeks. Dream heard the unmistakable sound of the remote being dropped on the couch, laughed quietly to himself when George brought his other hand up against his face.

“Stop.” It came out quiet, muffled behind fabric and a desperate attempt to hide the sound of fluster.

Dream moved closer, close enough for their shoulders to brush together when he settled. George jolted noticeably at the touch, face coming up from a mess of green fabric to look at Dream with wide eyes.

Dream flicked him on the forehead again. “No.”

George frowned at him, a playful—and pathetically adorable—scrunch of all his perfect features, swallowed hands moving to swat at any of Dream’s advances. Dream laughed, pushed back against George’s mindless slapping until he had legs thrown over Dream’s lap.

Eventually, George stopped hitting Dream, dropped his chin against his chest and looked downward to avoid eye contact. Dream almost wanted to place his fingers on George’s chin and tip his head up to make him look at him again, but he kept his hands laid still exactly where they were—on the tops of George’s thighs, where they might have belonged.

“Is it as cute as you wanted it to be?” He sounded so pretty and shy and flustered, fingers peeking out from his sleeves just enough to hook in the collar of Dream’s shirt.

Dream laughed, tapped one of his hands lightly against George’s thigh. “Even cuter.”

George buried his face in Dream’s shoulder, grip tightening around the fabric of his shirt. Dream only laughed, felt the warmth of George’s face pressed against his skin, felt the light press of his lips against the side of his neck, just soft enough to make him shiver.

“I hate you for this.”

Dream scoffed with playful ease. “You still wore it.”

“I’ve been here for two days, Dream,” George whined. “We can’t be here already.”

“I like it here.” Dream wrapped his hands around the backs of George’s thighs to tug him closer. “It’s warm.”

George hummed against Dream’s neck with a newfound contentment, let his vice-tight grip on his t-shirt fall loose. Dream wondered where the line was, wondered which one of them was erasing it more, wondered if it even really mattered.

It almost felt like nothing mattered—not the moonlight coming from still-drawn curtains, not the glow of the TV that had never played a movie from across the room, not the stupid line in Dream’s head that he’d drawn on a made-up beach—the only thing that bothered to matter was George. Warm and in his arms. *Here*.

The line was never real. “Can I kiss you?” Even still, the question was pathetically quiet.

It still got George to lift his head up from Dream’s neck, still got his hands to tighten around his shirt again. He frowned at Dream, though his face was close enough to count the freckles scattered across his pink cheeks.

“Never ask me that question again,” George insisted. “Just kiss me next time.”

Dream laughed under his breath with finality, brought a hand up to George’s messy wet hair and tugged their lips together. George moved one of his hands away from Dream’s collar and lifted it

up to his face, dragged his fingers gently down his cheek until Dream was smiling into the kiss.

His lips were just as soft as they'd looked. And George tasted exactly how Dream thought he would, too. Like the sun in late May, like the glow of light gleaming off his cupid's bow, like honey and sugar and all things sweet. Maybe he could kiss him forever if the universe would allow it. (It wasn't a maybe, he could).

And when they pulled away for a gasp of air, Dream knocked his forehead against George's with a smile.

"Can you wear my hoodies forever?"

George laughed. "I love you."

End Notes

oh fluffy fluff <3 my beloved

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